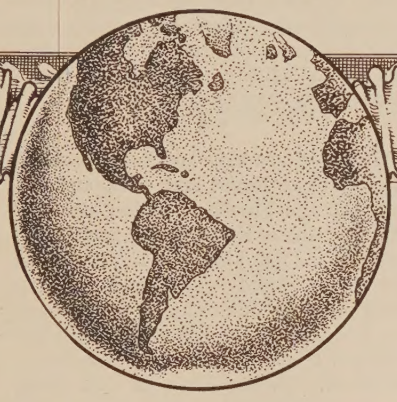
The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

August 26, 1922



The Unexplored, Unconquered

Out of the clouds come torrents, from the earth
Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air
Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.
Death's unseen seeds are scattered everywhere.
Yet in his iron cage the mind of man
Measures and braves the terrors of all these;
The blindest fury and the subtlest plan
He turns, or tames, or shows in their degrees.
Yet in himself are forces of like power,
Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to brain
Pass across oceans, bringing thoughts to power.
New worlds, new selves, where he can live again —
Eternal beauty's everlasting rose,
Which casts this world as shadow as it grows.

John Masefield.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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Μιγμα

Our courts and governing officials will have to recognize the fact that labor difficulties are inherently different from common civil cases, and can not possibly be justly handled with the same processes and machinery. Christian America must work out something new and different—and do it quickly. (*Herald of Gospel Liberty.*)

υ λ

We Americans have had much to say of the British in Egypt and India and Ireland and the French in Indo-China and Siberia. Any of these accused might quite justly say, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"—and suggest that we study our own little conquest of Haiti and San Domingo and our interferences in the affairs of Mexico and the tiny republics to the south. (*Frazier Hunt, in "The Rising Temper of the East."*)

υ λ

The assumptions that labor is a commodity and must be dealt with as such; that competition is the infallible law of trade; that supply and demand adequately controls markets; that the cost of labor determines all prices, and "things can not come down until labor comes down" (to old time starvation wages even); that property right is paramount and even labor is nothing more than labor power or earning capacity, and that it will, like goods, under free competition keep wages down to the lowest level consistent with ability to live—all these and many other presumptions need an ethical revaluation, or rather they need an ethical appraisement, that there may be a new and more human morality for industry. The economists are timidly making the turn; the Church needs a generation of apostles in the field of industrial relations that the principles of Christ may find lodgment there as working principles (*Alva W. Taylor, in Christian Century.*)

υ λ

To make three hundred Lady Astors grow where now there is but one—in other words, to send three hundred women to Parliament, a fifty-fifty arrangement, as many women as men—is the aim of the English Women's Freedom League, and Miss Anne Martin, former president of the Nevada Suffrage Association, former chairman of the National Woman's Party, and the first woman ever nominated for United States Senator, who has lately returned from abroad, where she met the leading members of her own sex in Germany, Italy, France, and England, has a similar plan for Congress. (*Literary Digest.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

The under dog not infrequently deserves all he is getting!

* *

Genius is an ill possession save it be geared to human life.

* *

Your greatest gain is in what you give without a thought of gain.

* *

An eloquent thought is oft submerged in commonplace speech.

* *

Education is a glorious thing when it does not destroy intelligence.

* *

It is not easy to bring a finished piece of work from a mental junk shop.

* *

None can know a great enjoyment until their own joy is multiplied in others.

* *

The good time coming is already here in your thought, else it is not coming.

* *

Do your best to live up to your epitaph which will be written after you cease to live.

* *

When the peacock and the mocking-bird change places it is time to kill them both.

* *

Big congregations are gathered about something specific and not about nothing in particular.

* *

The reason for fear of the future is inside, not outside, the minds of those who fear the future.

* *

He who would make a friendship as well might try to make a fragrant flower that would live and die.

* *

The man who worships his automobile is apt to get a bad puncture at the first real life-experience.

* *

The minister with a scrambled theology is apt to have a church congregation scrambling to get away!

* *

He who buildeth a church, however small it be, that is not beautiful, comm ts a crime against God and man.

There are those profoundly sincere in their opinions whose opinions are far from being profound.

* *

Fame? The sound of the bugle has barely died away when another bugle is sounded for another's fame.

* *

You may stop the hands on the face of the clock, but none has yet found the way to stop the progress of time.

* *

If all those who look back were turned into pillars of salt, it would be a bonanza for those who look forward.

* *

Too many of our world-saviors insist upon the seedling apple tree bearing high class fruit during the first year!

* *

A friendship built on truth may carry some decorative stories above without weakening the foundation.

* *

There is small hope for those who gather the fruits of autumn with never a thought for the hard labor of spring.

* *

Thump not thy friend upon the back when he hath rheumatism, lest he turn again and rend thee according to thy deserts.

* *

Each age is a new age made out of the same old human stuff, but requiring a new and better Church to keep it from getting worse.

* *

What more horrible than the practical equality for which we pray and fight if it were realized right now! Just think of a world in which the people were all like you!

* *

If you would see the world do not wait to start until you have one foot in the grave; you may still have the disposition and the money, but will have lost the ability.

* *

The man may be perfectly sincere though his ideas are obnoxious to us; even though they are absolutely false; sincerity of the man may give no assurance of the truth of his ideas.

If you have the best thing in the world, why waste your time hunting for something better? Try out what you have and the better thing, if such there be, will be disclosed.

* *

Beware the magnifying mind which can think only in millions. When he says millions are starving the chances are that the statistician would make it thousands, or even less.

* *

We want a million new subscribers; it is learned on good authority that the earth is to be destroyed in seventy million years, and we are agreeing to furnish full information as to the approach of the big catastrophe!

* *

The Sacrifice Hit

In one of our exchanges a writer talks about the "sacrifice hit" as if he had seen one. Well, so have we. We have made several, and noted a good many made for us. There is no more valuable factor in the game of baseball, or life. When a man of steel sinew lays down a foolish little bunt in front of the plate so that his side may win, knowing it will make him lose his base and his average, he makes the sacrifice of the individual for the group, of personal ambition for a cause. And that is the way of progress. Those who play the game for the good of the whole club are the big assets, those who play the independent role, who know not community interests, who play only to win for self, are a killing handicap. The independent has much to commend him in politics and religion, providing he stands for principle, but when he stands alone for self, denying the right and the ability of the majority to think even as he claims the right to think, he is playing to defeat, not only of the cause but of his own goal in proportion as it is of worth. The home run batter is a good deal more spectacular, but more often it is he who makes the sacrifice hit who saves the game.

The Rise of the Prodigy

The coming forth from the smoke of Pittsburg of the glowing light of an evangelistic prodigy who is being received in many of the larger cities with extravagant newspaper notices and crowded places of worship, recalls the coming of other prodigies in other departments of life. There was the baby mathematician, and the little boy chess player and the child prima donna. And where are they? They were wonders of the hour, and people flocked to see and hear them. Now comes this little girl Billy Sunday, and from the pictures in the papers, and the abstracts of what she says, the term is no misnomer. But what of it? The *Brooklyn Eagle* in commenting on the extraordinary incident says:

> As for the Theological Seminary professors and clergymen who are classed as liberals, the picture is an unmitigated satire which even the utmost devotionalism can not avoid recognizing. One may imagine the president of Brown University remarking quizzically: "Why not? A girl of fourteen can do that sort of thing as well as Mr. Bryan himself. Her years are few, her life is new, her soul untried; but what of it? Learning is needless, logic is needless, emphasis is all that is required." The dignity of religious thought is closely associated with the intellectual honesty of religious probing for the truth. Both are much to be desired in our age. An evangelist prodigy in her teens would seem to have no relation to the one or to the other.

They Must Be Lived Away

"The divisions between nations and races can not be argued away; they have to be lived away." This was a statement by the Rev. Robert E. Speer, D. D., before the Federal Council of Churches, on the "Relations of American and German Churches." The great majority of American Christians have practically been saying, "We want nothing more to do with the Germans; we will have no relations with them!" That is almost instinctive; it seems like "just retribution" for their sins! It is nearly impossible not to hold resentment; we can not argue ourselves into friendly relations, we must grow into them. And that is the only way out of most of our big difficulties. We do not know each other as individuals, we know each other racially and nationally. We can talk and read ourselves to more and more confusion; the differences very largely must be lived away. Some day we shall get really acquainted, through life, with the real German of our day, who is going to live himself into a new German, differing from the old militant Prussian, and quite companionable. But he must grow, and we must grow.

The Right Way and the Wrong Way

Many right objects remain unaccomplished because of the wrong way of doing them. The big business of to-day is carried over by the help of organization and equipment. People trained in some department of the work, and each different from the others, are co-ordinated so as to get the most and the best from each and from all. Experience has shown that this is "good business." When Jesus was launching his great world-salvation campaign, he chose twelve men, and it would be difficult to find in all history twelve men of greater diversity. To make them representative he chose at least one sinner, and it is not unlikely that among the others there were some who were not exactly lily white! But he tied them all up to the central objective, so that, however different in detail, they were one in the central purpose of their lives. In all the ages since, whenever and wherever the effort has been made to put over any of the elemental principles of Jesus, the effort has succeeded or failed just in proportion as the right or the wrong method has been employed. This notion that we can get results without organization and equipment is as foolish in religion as in manufacturing clothing. Those twelve men in olden time had to grow to seventy, and to keep on growing or decline. The notion that a Church can live without growing in numbers and equipment and organization is unbelievable. We are just beginning to sense our great mission in the world. Never has a Church faced a bigger and more glorious job and we must make ready for it; we must increase our membership and ministry; we must increase our mission funds; we must make our divinity schools productive of more ministers and less cranks; we must establish great centers of influence in a great way; we must open communication between all divisions of our forces through our church paper. We have something

to do in the immediate future and we must do it in the right way.

* *

THE BLIND SPOT

THERE is a blind spot in the eyes of those who are seeing in the physical union of all churches the way out from these days of contentious activity and futile effort. It sounds well, and is, for the time, thrillingly inspirational, to rail against "little sectarian factions." One remarks, voicing many, that if we had fewer churches we should have larger congregations, better paid ministers and wider and more efficient service. The only trouble with this view is that it is not true, and will not be true until these many churches have done their work well in transforming the disposition and temperament and changing the intellectual convictions of those already in the existing churches. As a matter of fact the prime reason of ministers and laymen in demanding physical union is economic rather than religious; it is a way to save money. No more people would attend the consolidated church than attend any one or at most two of the churches consolidated. And the congregation would not receive any better preaching from the one than from any one of the many! Ministers are not to be judged by financial standards. We know many ministers receiving three thousand dollars a year who are inferior as ministers to some receiving only fifteen hundred. There are many five-thousand-dollar ministers who, if placed in the rural consolidated church, would not be worth ten cents; they are wise beyond measure, they know everything that can be taught, but they have no common sense.

The congregations have grown intellectually and spiritually because they have come at the same great fundamental truths from different angles. Put them all together under one minister and one form of service, and we shall have presently a case of arrested development.

It is hard for us to get away from the commercial idea. We are blind to certain facts and conditions, persistently blind, because we see a bargain in religion, through getting what we want for less money, or learning to do without it. The church is not a mercantile establishment, its economic standards are entirely different, its objective is absolutely contradictory; the store or factory is run for what it can *get*, the church, if it is a genuine Christian church, is run for what it can *give*. It is unique among the institutions of the day. Do not lose sight of this fact.

Do not be blind to the facts of human nature. Do not attempt to pick your fruit before it is ripe. Do not expect to raise a three-year-old calf in three months. Your thinking may seem to you divinely inspired, but other people are having the same seeming about their thinking. It is all coming true, this church unity if not union, in good time, if the way is not blocked by the pig-headed and blind selfishness which can see success only in having its petty way.

We believe in church unity in the interest of a larger service, but when we run against the layman who does not go to any church, and pays nothing for the support of religion, and hear him really boasting that he doesn't believe in so many churches, we find that the easiest way to shut him up is to ask him how much he will give to a consolidated church! And it will be safer if he makes a pledge to have him put it in writing, and get a good endorser! And when we run across a minister who is howling for fewer churches, combinations, and the slaying of the sectarian spirit, we meet one who is a failure, one who could not make one blade of grass grow where two grew before! Or we meet the "successful" minister, one who has prospered in his work. Having taken a church which another had founded, and which the "sect" had fostered, he has carried it forward to glorious prosperity, and he has become independent, and he thinks there is no use of other churches, for he is there! He does not need the sect. He has a blind spot, for he does not see that a census of his big congregation would show that the large majority come from these small, usually rural, churches.

In the interest of possible church unity and of church service to humanity, which we long for and work for, we would have the blind leaders of the blind go to the Master of wisdom and have their eyes opened to certain facts in human nature, and in organized Christianity, and to the orderly processes of God in making His children not only successful merchants and manufacturers and professional men and day laborers, but sons and daughters of the Almighty with some pride of family as well as pride of show.

* *

FOR A BETTER UNDERSTANDING

WE heartily commend the sentiment of Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States, uttered at a large banquet of the Pilgrims held in London.

He said: "It is a rare event in the life of the embassy at Washington when I have a visit from a Britisher who knows anything really worth while about this vast continental country. Endless numbers of them go to America to deliver lectures or beg money. It has been my pleasure to tell such persons humbly to keep their mouths shut and to give up begging and return home."

The evil of misunderstanding which Ambassador Geddes here points out is not something new in the history of the two great English-speaking nations. Washington Irving in his Sketch-Book devoted a chapter to the theme, "English Writers on America." Expressing his regret at the literary animosity growing up between England and America, he wrote: "English travelers are the best and the worst in the world. Where no motives of pride or interest intervene, none can equal them for profound and philosophical views of society, or faithful and graphical descriptions of external objects; but when either the interest or the reputation of their own country comes in collision with that of another, they go to the opposite extreme. . . . For ourselves it is comparatively of but little importance whether England does us justice or not; it is, perhaps of far more importance to herself. She is instilling anger and resentment into the bosom of a youthful nation to grow with its growth, and strengthen with its strength."

We have had enough critics both in America and England. It is time for praise and commendation. Let there be more ambassadors like Sir. Auckland Geddes.

Out in the Big World

X Some New Ideas at Gloucester

John van Schaick, Jr.

AT Pigeon Cove we stayed with the Winchesters, kinsfolk of the Rev. Elhanan Winchester, who looms so large in the history of Universalism.

From the comfortable little Winchester cabin on the cliffs we motored to Gloucester, where one of the interesting things which we saw was a letter from John Murray about Elhanan Winchester, dated Jan. 7, 1786, framed and hung on the wall of a room in the Sargent-Murray-Gilman House.

Murray apparently was attempting to help a parish settle a minister. The striking sentences were these: "I really think that Mr. Winchester is the best preacher I know in this country if he preaches always as when I had the pleasure of hearing him. His brother Moses, I think, has a clearer vision of the gospel as it was preached unto Abraham, but I fear he never will be so great a man as his brother."

Intellectually the differences between Murray and Winchester were marked. Theologically, Winchester was far and away ahead of Murray. And as a preacher Winchester was probably the greatest man, in some ways, we ever had. In this letter is testimony to the friendly feeling Murray had for him, the absence of jealousy, and an underlying unity between them stronger than the forces tending to divide them. The old letter, in Murray's own hand, is testimony to a breadth of spirit in John Murray which we do not always realize.

In her own lovely old home, with memorials of herself and of her family, one comes to understand better also Judith Sargent Murray, John Murray's wife.

Practically all that I have remembered about Judith Murray is the story told most frequently among us:

"She was proud of her husband's position and influence; and being a firm believer in the Rellyan theology, was very impatient of any advocacy of Universalism that was not based on that theory. Hence the following incident. During Mr. Murray's temporary absence from Boston, on one occasion, Rev. Hosea Ballou supplied his pulpit, and, on the last Sunday of his engagement, gave his views of 1 Cor. 15 : 26-28, and interpreted it to mean that the Son of God would deliver up the mediatorial kingdom to God, when he had brought all things into subjection to himself, and God should then be all in all. Mrs. Murray—who believed, as did her husband, that the son here referred to was the 'son of perdition,' and that God was to succeed in getting the Kingdom out of his hands—called a neighbor to her pew before the services were concluded, and despatched him to the singing seats, with a message to Mr. Balch, one of the singers, who, as Mr. Ballou arose to announce the closing hymn, stood up in the gallery and announced as follows: 'I wish to give notice that the doctrine which has been preached here this afternoon is not the doctrine which is usually preached in this house.' 'The audience will please to take notice of what our brother has said,' was the calm reply of Mr. Ballou."

That is a good story and probably a true story, but it has done altogether too much work in giving an idea of Mrs. Murray to this generation. The new ideas which we got at Gloucester, familiar to all who are well read on this subject, were ideas of her personal beauty, charm, and culture. She was not only strong but attractive and intelligent. Not that there is anything very attractive in her treatment of Hosea Ballou in her husband's pulpit, or very intelligent in her interpretation of Corinthians, but she was far better than the story exhibits her. It is not very difficult to accept the traditions of her "kindness," "affection," "excellence," "uncommon beauty of person" or "superior mind" when one walks from room to room of the Sargent-Murray-Gilman House, looks at the paintings and other memorials and considers both the stock from which she came and the environment in which she moved.

Another impressive thing about a visit to Gloucester to-day is a clearer understanding of the service which Dr. Levi Powers rendered in getting hold of the Sargent-Murray-Gilman house and restoring it.

Said Dr. John Clarence Lee, our host: "He had three things which enabled him to succeed: vision, courage, and speed. I saw him one day when he said how much he thought the thing ought to be done. To my surprise, I heard in a day or two he had done it. He risked $5,000 of his own money that the opportunity might not be lost."

What John Coleman Adams wrote for the tablet lately put up in the church to Dr. Powers' memory, reveals Adams and describes Powers: "A Brave Adventurer for Justice and Right who feared not to Champion the Weaker Cause and the Brother in Distress."

There was the Powers who was the "brave adventurer" and there was the Powers who reverenced the past. The Sargent-Murray-Gilman House is a memorial to the Powers of books and pictures and antiquarian lore.

Another new and striking thing to me was the place in the story taken by "the independent Christians of Gloucester." As Universalists we concentrate our attention on John Murray, and after Murray on the old church building, perhaps the finest we have, and after the building on the long line of ministers from Murray to Lee, in which appear characters like Thomas Jones, whom Murray chose to succeed him and who served for forty-two years. But from the beginning the laymen of Gloucester have played a great part. It is not surprising to find that they were broad, for they had walked the streets of London and Hong Kong. They knew that there was more than one way in which to take food from plate to mouth, more than one kind of food, more than one right way of doing the same thing. The sailors and sea captains and traders of New England had some idea of the world

as a whole. They sailed around it. They came home with new and strange ideas.

Before John Murray landed on the Jersey coast, before they ever heard of Thomas Potter and his log church, a little group of these independent thinking people in Gloucester got hold of a volume of Relly's "Union," not much of a book from the standpoint of to-day, but remarkable in that day because it set forth the cruelty and unreasonableness of the dogma of endless punishment and, what was more important then, that it was "contrary to right views of scripture."

When Relly's disciple, Murray, appeared, he found not only Thomas Potter and a church building awaiting him at Barnegat, but he found a group of sympathetic and instructed people awaiting him in New England.

When they read in the newspapers that a preacher named John Murray was visiting Boston who had been openly accused of believing Relly's doctrine, the mere accusation was enough. They wanted him.

"Winthrop Sargent departed straightway to Boston" to invite this preacher to Gloucester. The history of liberal religion in the United States was changed by these "independent Christians." Nor have we always realized the significance of the battle for religious liberty which they waged. With full respect for Murray, it seems as if it were the power of the little group who signed the charter of compact which really won the day. How the words thrill us to which they signed their names Sept. 6, 1785:

> "Whereas, the privilge of choosing and professing one's own religion is inestimable. And in order to maintain that privilege unimpaired, in case any person associating with us should suffer persecution from the undue exercise of power, we do agree and resolve to afford him all legal means of extricating himself from difficulty and of enjoying that freedom which is held forth by the Constitution."

I must not fail to record the vivid impression made upon me by a realization of the difference between the reception given Murray in Gloucester and that accorded to any reputable Universalist preacher to-day.

Except for the little band who called him there and who gave strength to his arm, Murray faced a hostile community, which went to any length, almost, to get rid of him.

His character was held up to ridicule and contempt; his patriotism was questioned in a way to endanger his life; papers were clapped upon him in every kind of a legal process; by vote of fifty to eight in town meeting he was requested to leave town; he was jeered and hooted and even stoned on the streets.

A preacher of to-day finds this hard to understand. He is received by a large congregation with open arms, greeted courteously by strangers on the street, written up sympathetically in the newspapers, taken as an honored guest to see the sights of the famous old city, and entertained by a Universalist pastor respected by the whole community.

Times indeed have changed. John and Judith Murray, Captain Winthrop Sargent, Colonel Joseph Foster, John Somes, Colonel William Pearce, and their successors, have had an important part in changing them.

Incentives in Modern Life

Kirby Page

A RECENT scientific bulletin estimates that three billion slaves would be required in the United States to do the work now being done by machines. It is further estimated that the mechanical power available is equivalent to fifty servants for every man, woman and child in this country. A huge turbine now produces energy equal to the labor of 400,000 strong men.

And yet this generation, which has fallen heir to incalculable energy and countless labor-saving devices, is witnessing the spectacle of multitudes of peoples who are hungry and ill clad. Not only in the backward nations of the earth is this true, but across Europe there is appalling destitution. Even in our own land, the most favored of all the earth, large numbers of people are lacking in the necessities and minimum comforts of life. At a conservative estimate there are several million persons in the United States who are living in poverty or on the border of destitution.

An official commission of our Federal Government reported that "at least one-third and possibly one-half of the families of wage earners employed in manufacturing and mining earn in the course of the year less than enough to support them in anything like a comfortable and decent condition."

Another startling contrast is that between the claims and achievements of the Churches. They claim to have a solution for all problems of human relations. For nineteen centuries they have been proclaiming a message of love, peace and brotherhood among men. And yet we are living in a world of strife. Everywhere men are divided into warring camps. Nation is arrayed against nation, race against race, class against class. Bitterness and hatred are widespread.

How shall we account for the present state of affairs? Why are people hungry when the resources are at hand to supply their needs? Why are the churches so ineffective in overcoming strife and enmity?

I. To What Extent Are the Incentives of Modern Life Unchristian?

In a single article one can not hope to deal with all of the complex issues involved. Only one phase of the situation can be considered. Much of the present turmoil and suffering is undoubtedly rooted in the incentives of modern life. We should, therefore, seek to analyze the dominant motives of men to-day. What are the chief influences which move men to action?

(1) *The desire for a higher standard of life.* This is a stimulus which is prevalent among all civilized people. The desire for wholesome food, serviceable clothing and pleasant surroundings is almost universal. One of the reasons why men exert themselves is that they may secure these things.

With a large proportion of the population in the United States the struggle is for the bare necessities and minimum comforts of life. Fear of hunger and destitution is ever present with large groups of people. With many other persons the struggle is for the comforts and minimum luxuries of life. And still others are striving for luxuries in abundance. This desire to raise one's standard of life is one of the impelling motives in modern life. Higher wages and larger profits are desired primarily as a means to this end. Modern industry rests upon the profit system. The appeal to self-interest is dominant. Financial reward is depended upon to secure maximum activity. Each person is supposed to make as large profits as he can, so long as he follows the accepted rules.

Enlightened Self-Interest

For more than a century "enlightened self-interest," as a consciously accepted doctrine, has prevailed. It has been taken for granted by most Anglo-Saxon people that the welfare of all can best be served by each person seeking his own good. Edmund Burke once said that we should be filled "with thankfulness to the benign and wise Disposer of all things, who obliges men, whether they will or not, in pursuing their own selfish interests, to connect the general good with their own individual success." Archbishop Whately expresses a similar opinion: "It is curious to observe how, through the wise and beneficent arrangement of Providence, men thus do the greatest service to the public when they are thinking of nothing but their own gain."

The opinion is still widely prevalent that modern industry can not exist on any other basis than individual selfishness. A prominent banker recently said: "I know of no way of making any human being give $50,000 worth of service for $1,500 in pay. Nobody would care much about working hard enough to earn more than $10,000 a year just to see some one else get it."

In our protest against "profiteering" we have usually failed to realize how deeply ingrained the profit motive is in modern life. Many persons are enraged at the few skilled workers who have successfully demanded $15 per day. Just now the wrath of the public is directed against coal miners and operators. It seems rather strange that we should find fault with a few workers and employers for doing the very thing which is most characteristic of modern business and industry.

The man who purchases a corner lot for $5,000 and two years later sells it for $12,000 is credited with good judgment. The broker who buys at 89 and sells for 148 is congratulated by his friends. The name of the "home-run king," whose salary runs into five figures, is a household word throughout the land. The prize-fighter who receives $350,000 for a few well directed blows is acclaimed as a national hero. The movie star who draws a salary of a million dollars a year is the idol of the fans. The farmer whose potato patch is transformed into an oil well and whose old buggy is exchanged for a Rolls Royce, becomes an object of admiration and envy on the part of his neighbors. And so it goes through modern life. The possessive instincts, the desire to own and to display, are dominant.

Is the desire for more possessions unchristian? This question can not be answered until we discover the consequences of having more possessions—upon ourselves and upon others. Possessions are the basis of culture. They furnish security and leisure. Want and the fear of want are deadly foes of the good life. The higher values are endangered when one is compelled to spend all of his time and energy in the struggle for mere existence. Family life, especially, is menaced by poverty. Certainly we would not say that the struggle of a man for possessions enough to enable him to support his family in modest comfort and security is unchristian. The unchristian thing in this connection is the set of circumstances which make this comfort and security impossible for many families.

What shall we say concerning the desire for more than the minimum comforts of life? Is such a desire unchristian? What are the effects of an annual income of $5,000 upon a family? There seems to be no doubt that most families could use an income of this amount to good advantage, and could be enabled to live more abundantly as a result. The question, however, can not be settled on this basis alone. We must also consider whether or not this sum is more than our share of the national income.

What shall we say concerning the larger incomes? Is the desire for great wealth unchristian? What are the consequences? For some persons great wealth means the opportunity for higher culture, for others it means a chance for riotous living. Great possessions bring larger opportunities and more dangers. At this point it will be recalled that Jesus warned his hearers of the perils of great riches and spoke of the difficulty with which a rich man can enter the Kingdom of God.

Are great fortunes a good thing for society? Do they promote the public welfare? There is no doubt that large gifts to worthy causes, made possible by great fortunes, have done an immense amount of good. In almost every community there are evidences of these generous gifts. In the realms of public health, education, art and religion, the philanthropy of the rich has been an important factor.

On the other hand, we must take into account the menace of excessive concentration of wealth and power. While great fortunes make possible generous gifts, they also make possible a high degree of control in education, civic affairs and political life, and of public opinion. Great fortunes in the hands of selfish people do an immense amount of damage to the public welfare.

The Social Effects of Luxury

The point upon which we need to do the clearest thinking, however, is with regard to the social effects of luxuries. Does the production and consumption of luxuries promote the common good? There is a widespread belief that the production of luxuries "makes work" and "puts money in circulation," and is, therefore, a good thing for everybody. Is this idea supported by the facts in the case?

Let us consider an extreme instance, that of a wealthy man who decides to build a two-million-dollar mansion. He selects one of the most desirable plots in the city, fronting on the park. Plans are drawn up calling for fifty rooms, some of which are as large as four or five ordinary apartments; elaborate

decorations; furnishings gathered from the corners of the earth; an immense pipe organ; swimming pool and a score of bath rooms; sunken gardens and a large hot-house; and a library of several thousand volumes. Hundreds of workers are employed for a year. After completion the building is used by one family, with occasional guests, for less than half the year. The public is rigorously excluded. Scores of servants are employed and the upkeep of the place costs upward of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Has the expenditure of two million dollars upon this mansion been a good thing or a bad thing for society? It has "made work" for hundreds of persons. It has put an immense amount of money in circulation. From the standpoint of society, however, it has done three other things: it has wasted human labor, it has wasted materials, it has wasted capital. The same workers, the same materials and the same capital might have been used in the erection of several hundred badly needed apartments. As many workers could have been employed and as much money put in circulation, and in the end several hundred times as many people would have been housed.

This is an extreme illustration and the number of cases of this sort is limited. But it does bring out the social consequences of the production of luxuries. The fact which should be stamped indelibly upon our minds is this: *Luxuries divert labor, materials and capital into channels which are of little social value, and, therefore, raise the price of the necessities of life, thus increasing the struggle of the poor.* Upon this point economists are generally agreed.

In the light of this indisputable fact, the question should be raised: Is a Christian justified in living in luxury, at the expense of an intensified struggle on the part of the poor for the bare necessities of life? Is a Christian justified in even spending the amount necessary for his own fullest cultural development, at the expense of the less fortunate? What are the effects upon brotherhood of living in luxury while many are in want?

Still another factor needs to be considered, *viz.*, the appalling human need in other parts of the world. The obligation which rests upon a follower of Jesus knows no boundaries of race or nation. The true Christian in America can not be unmindful of the tragic need in the Orient, the Near East, or Europe. The expenditure of even a few dollars in the neediest places of the earth means the saving of human lives, each of which is of inestimable worth in the sight of God. Are any of us justified in living in luxury in a hungry world?

At what point does the desire for personal possessions become unchristian? This question demands clear thinking, resolute decision and courageous action.

The Desire for Success or Personal Power

(2) A second major incentive in modern life is the *desire to succeed*, to achieve a given end. This motive operates powerfully with many persons who have no desire for great possessions. Moreover, it is often the basis of the desire for great possessions, since possessions have now become a badge of success.

Mr. Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, once said: "When the achievements of my life have been completed and my obituary is being written, if I can leave as a monument a long line of smoke stacks and boiler works and rolling mills and establishments, I shall be prouder than of the grandest monument men might erect in my memory. The men in business in the United States are not working for money alone. The chief pride of American character is successful accomplishment. It may be measured by the dollars that go into his coffers, but the real throb and thrill of pleasure that comes to his mind is one of successful accomplishment."

The attitude of many business and professional men has been described by a prominent sociologist in these words: "American men make money as American boys play marbles in spring, baseball in summer, and football in autumn. The rich man toiling for more, often is simply trying to run up a high score at the national game."

The desire for personal power is closely bound up with the desire to succeed. Many men are thrilled at their ability to manipulate things, while some find their greatest joy in directing other people. The desire for the success which brings recognition and personal power is an important factor in modern life.

Is the desire for success and personal power unchristian? It depends upon the kind of success desired and the use to which power is put. None of us would say that it is unchristian to desire personal power as a means of helping other people. Unfortunately, power is more often desired for selfish reasons. Many persons desire power as a means of satisfying selfish ambitions or of gratifying personal pride.

The wife of Zebedee once asked Jesus to grant to her sons the privilege of occupying the chief places of honor in his kingdom. In reply Jesus said to his disciples: "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and give his life a ransom for many."

The Desire to Serve

(3) A third major incentive in modern life is *the desire to serve*, to be of use in the world. This should not be confused with a popular meaning of "service" in business to-day. The word is often used as meaning courtesy, thoughtfulness, fair dealing and efficiency—for the sake of higher profits. Many persons believe in "service" because it pays.

There are, however, many persons in modern life whose chief stimulus is the genuine desire to help other folks and to have a share in building a better world. These persons are found in all walks of life.

Summary

The evidence seems to indicate that the group whose chief motive is that of unselfish service is greatly outnumbered by those who are spurred to action by the desire for possessions or personal power. It seems unquestionable that of the total number of business and professional men in the United States, a large majority are motivated chiefly by the desire for possessions or for the power which accompanies suc-

cess. Self-interest, enlightened or unenlightened, is still dominant in the lives of most people.

A well known writer has described what he believes to be the prevailing spirit of the times in these words: "Look where you will, it is the spirit of I Myself which is paramount. Life exists for Me: all the dim eons behind have toiled to produce Me. This brief moment in the eternal duration of time is only an opportunity for My pleasure and My ease. I care not a jot for the ages ahead and the sons of men who shall inhabit the earth when I am dust beneath their feet. Give Me My Rights. Stan d clear of My way. I want and I will have."

(To be concluded.)

The Helplessness of God

Harry LeRoy Haywood

A GREAT seven passenger touring car, driven by a careless young man, swept down across a nine-year-old lad at play, and crushed him into the pavement. As I stood later beside the crumpled little body and tried to say some word of heartening to the broken mother she kept moaning: "Why did God do this? Why did God permit this? Why did God take my boy away from me?"

The mother asked a question that has been asked, often in agony and often with sneers, by men and women all over the world, and countless times. We ourselves have doubtless asked it; and sometimes it has asked itself of us. Was not this uppermost in millions of minds during the Great War? "Why does God not stop the war? Why did God permit the war?' If God be all powerful, all wise, and all loving, so men say to themselves, why tragedy? Does it not prove that He is after all not all powerful; or, if He be all powerful, does it not show that He is not all loving? How could an all loving God bring on the world such a disaster as the Great War?

Now this question can be adequately answered only if we devote to it the intensity and energy of mind that any great problem naturally demands of us. But if we fly to ancient superstitions, or lapse into a mere welter of sentimentality, or forsake the attempt through believing that such matters are beyond our powers, we shall better ourselves not at all.

It is necessary to make ourselves comprehend in all fulness what is meant by the fact that God is a living Being. It means that He is not like a gaseous substance, as Augustine confessed he sometimes pictured Him, who permeates everything, as the atmosphere permeates our lungs, nor is He a mere Principle, or half real "Spiritual Presence," who stretches through everything in the way in which the ether lies everywhere. He is a living Being in the literal sense of those words, "concretely" real, in the sense in which accurate theologians use that term.

God can say to Himself: "I am I. Yesterday I did so and so; to-morrow [His "to-morrow," of course, is not like ours, but He has a very real future] I shall do this and that. I have desires, I make plans, I have sorrows and joys." God thinks, else He never could understand what goes on in us when we think: He feels, else our own feelings would be utterly outside His experience, which is absurd to suppose; and He knows what volitions are, else that great and important functioning of our own selves could not be comprehended by Him. He could not be God and do the work of God if He were not a self-conscious living Being.

I am a living being myself, and that very fact makes it impossible for me to become any other being. I can always be my own self, but I can never be any other self. Of God the same is true. He is always God, He can never become anything else, or any one else. God can not become you, He can not become me. He can never cease being His own self in order to become some other self. Your being is separate from God's being, not in the sense of separation by space, but in the sense of separation by nature. He can not think your thoughts for you, or feel your feelings for you, or say your words for you, or do your deeds: He is always Himself, as you are always yourself.

Inasmuch as He is a self-conscious living Being God has His own nature, and in that nature are organized His powers, faculties, and functions. He can do what His nature permits Him to do, but He can not do what it does not. His powers and faculties are such as God needs to do the work of God, and to be what it is necessary that God be.

You have a nature of your own, with accordant faculties and organs. You can be what your nature permits, and do what your faculties enable. But you can not do what your nature finds impossible, nor can you achieve things that demand faculties other than your own. If you have a woman's nature you can not know the experience of paternity; if you have a man's nature, you can never experience motherhood. This limitation of yours, if that be indeed the correct word in this connection, is not imposed upon you from without; it is something that inheres in your nature.

God has His own nature, and *He can never be or do what His own nature does not permit.* He can not perform things for which He has no faculty. He can not lay aside His nature in order to become some one else, because, in the eternal order of things, a "nature" can not thus be handled. He can not assume new faculties at will. He has no magic whereby He can simply will that a thing be done by a kind of presto change!

Why didn't God stop that automobile which rolled over the little boy? He didn't stop it because He couldn't stop it! God can not run an automobile because He has no organs or faculties which make such a thing possible. A man can start and stop an automobile because his nature is equipped with faculties and organs that make such a thing possible; God can neither start nor stop an automobile because He is not equipped for such actions. It is not His function in the great scheme of reality to run automobiles. The full responsibility for that accident was divided between the boy and the driver of the car. The poor woman would never have asked such bitter questions about God's responsibility in that accident if she had not been taught a false conception of God.

There are countless things that God *can not do!* I am running this typewriter because I have hands, eyes, and a brain; God can not run a typewriter. If while I am operating it I were accidentally to shove it over on the baby who plays on the floor that would not in any wise be God's fault, and it would be foolish of me, if the accident were disastrous to the babe, to ask why God permitted such a thing.

Running typewriters and automobiles, talking and acting, walking about, working, all such as these are things that we can do but God can not do; we have the nature that makes such things possible; He has not. If such things are not done by us, they will never be done. Many, many things that are of the utmost importance to us, such as the clothing of our bodies, the finding of food, the sheltering of ourselves from the weather, etc., are things for which we are wholly responsible, and which we alone of all beings that live are equipped to perform. If my baby were left in an abandoned house to starve to death God could in no wise be held responsible, because it is not His function in this universe to feed babies; it is the function of parents and if they do not do it it will not be done; and if they do not do it they should in no wise hold God to blame.

God has His own work to do; for that work He is perfectly equipped by His nature, and He does it without the slightest error. That is what we mean when we say that He is all powerful. He is all powerful not in the sense that He is able to do anything that we might ask or picture, but in the sense that whatever it is God's own function to do that He does do, and without failure.

To ask why God did not stop the war is precisely the same kind of question as to ask why a man does not become a mother. God has no faculties, organs, or functions which could have enabled Him to start or to stop the war. The very scheme of reality itself ordains that war-making is left entirely in the hands of man. He has a nature which equips Him to be and to do the things that God naturally has to do; He has not a nature that enables Him to do such things as stopping an army, or an automobile.

God's functions and actions are defined for Him by the structure of His own nature. To expect Him to do something which He is not thus equipped to do is to ask the impossible.

And—let this be carefully noted—there are "impossibles" even for God Himself! But, and this should be noted with equal care, these limitations are not something imposed upon Him from without by some other being, or by fate, nor are these limitations self-imposed in the interests of some scheme of redemption, as religionists often fancy, or for the sake of educating us men; no, these "limitations" (that is a very misleading word) inhere in the very structure of God's own being. And He can never be anything except that which He is, or do anything except that for which He possesses the faculties.

So it is true that if we men and women, while doing those things which are in our power and in nobody else's power, by some mischance or accident bring grief upon ourselves, we should not turn upon God as if He were responsible. It is as foolish to charge God with the World War as it would be to charge Him with the omission of a comma while I write these lines.

"God must be helpless, then," some reader may rejoin. He is indeed as helpless as any infant to do things for which He has no means. You are helpless to be a man if you are a woman. You are helpless to be anything that your nature does not permit. His helplessness is of exactly the same kind.

But that does not mean that He is a blundering, "finite," blind, groping, defeated sort of God, as Shaw, Bergson and their ilk have alleged; far from it. What it is God's nature to be He is, and in perfection; what it is God's business to do, He does, and He does it without fail.

In that sense, and it is the only real and true sense conceivable, God is "almighty," is now and always has been, and always will be. Our very existence lies in His keeping and there is no need to fear that He will ever fail in that charge.

On the Way to Brotherhood

The Rev. Stanley Manning

IN the *Literary Digest* of Aug. 5 there was a cartoon copied from *John Bull* (London), with which, under an appropriate picture, appear the words, oken by "The Official Methuselite" to the Generation that Won the War: "You are no longer needed to save the world from my folly—sit still in your bassinet, sir, and respect me!"

That is just what the generation that won the war, and those who are still younger who are following the leadership of the ex-service men and women, do not propose to do. They will not remain still; they will not respect those who brought on the war, and they know that they are needed to save the world from the folly of those who went before.

This was plainly evident at the Worcester Convention of the Young People's Christian Union. Here was a group representative of Christian Young America, with delegates present from Maine and California, from Ontario and Quebec and Alabama, and they decided that it was their task to prevent any further war.

Of course it was ridiculous for a group of a few hundred young men and women, many of them not old enough to vote, to start out to do anything like that: it was just as ridiculous as it was for a Galilean youth of nineteen hundred years ago to gather a group of a dozen young enthusiasts about himself with the object of establishing the Kingdom of God on earth.

The resolution adopted was not foisted upon the young people by older minds. Although written by one who belongs to a little older group, it passed through the hands of the Committee on Resolutions, composed of young people between the ages of twenty and thirty-three, one of them an ex-service man, and was explained and debated upon the floor. That the

delegates knew what they were voting about is evidenced by the fact that there were one or two dissenting votes; the Convention was not stampeded into thoughtless action.

This is the resolution:

> Whereas, we, the young people of the Universalist Church, recognize that the late war was precipitated by the so-called Christian nations of the world, through the fact that they had not lived up to the simple truths of Christianity; and
>
> *Whereas*, we know that future wars can be averted but in one way—in believing that Jesus Christ knew what he said when he told us that all things are possible through faith in God; be it,
>
> *Resolved*, that we take our stand before God and man that in the future we shall use all possible means to keep our nation from entering into war and so becoming partner with those who, in opposition to God, would keep His Kingdom from the earth.
>
> Feeling that this stand must be taken by the young of the earth and through their education, be it,
>
> *Resolved*, that we enter into communication with the young people's organizations of every Christian Communion, and pray them to take the same stand.

The last clause of the resolution is now being carried out through correspondence with all the young people's societies listed in "The Year-Book of the Churches" issued by the Federal Council.

Whatever practical results may follow, the considered action of the Worcester Convention is indicative of certain facts which are frequently overlooked.

First and foremost, though perhaps least important, is the fact that this generation of young people, frivolous and superficial as it often appears and sometimes is, is also deeply serious, and conscious of a responsibility for the welfare of the world.

Second, its attitude toward the older generation is not altogether lacking in respect, although it sometimes seems so. One can deeply respect a man or a group of men, or a nation or a generation, for good work done, without approving the failures and mistakes which accompanied achievement. To condemn those mistakes and to resolve not to repeat those failures is a mark of common sense, deserving as much approval as we desire for avoiding the mistakes of those who went before us in our day.

Third, the young people are not going back to the good old days before the war. Those days produced the war, and if we could go back to them we would put ourselves once more in the way that leads to bloodshed and fratricidal strife. They have set their faces toward the new day, which they know will be better than the past because they are going to make it so.

Fourth, and most significant, the young people believe in the practicability of the Christian ideal of universal brotherhood. It may be pooh-poohed by the wise and prudent, but the truth of it has been revealed unto the young who are still unspoiled. They do not know how to bring about the peace and brotherhood which they seek, but that does not deter them from their purpose, or from faith in their ultimate success. They know that this can be a warless world, because all that is needed is to take the Gospel of the Youth of Galilee and make it the rule of life. And they will take that Gospel in their hearts and carry it to Washington and London and Paris and Berlin and Geneva, and make it the guiding principle of the world's life, either with the help of the older generation, or in spite of its opposition.

Happy would the world be if we should take the wisdom and experience of age and direct it as might be done to realizing the present ideals of youth. Soon would the Kingdom of God come and His will be done on earth. But if the older generation will not lend its wisdom to their task, the young of the earth, without that wisdom and experience, will blunder through, and establish the Kingdom of peace and brotherhood in spite of the opposition or the lethargy, and the sneers, of the official Methuselites.

Those who fought in France and Flanders fields, and those who go with them to-day, will not break faith with those who died over there. Holding high the torch of faith, they will not stay their onward march until the war-god has been dethroned, not only in Berlin but in Washington and every other capital. Nor shall the Church of the living, loving Christ break faith with him who died for brotherhood, for, lacking other leadership, the youth of to-day will lead it, as they will lead the world, "On, to the City of God."

Camping Among the Big Trees

The Rev. Carl F. Henry

I AM writing from Redwood Park, California, a state reservation of ten thousand acres set apart for the preservation of some of the stateliest specimens of the redwoods and the perpetual enjoyment of the people. I am told that about 1,500 people are camping here and all, including the children, are having a happy time. Our tent is pitched under magnificent trees that tower straight as ships' masts two hundred and more feet toward the cloudless blue. One not far away would probably girth fifty feet eight feet above the ground, and at the ground it is thirty paces in circumference. A timber "cruiser" estimates that it would cut one and one-half millions of board feet of lumber and bring at market prices $85,000. But it will not be cut.

These are not the "big" trees of California. They, the *sequoia gigantea*, are found over in the Sierra Nevada mountains at an elevation of six thousand feet and upwards. The "General Sherman" tree in Sequoia National Park, where we camped five years ago, is thirty-five feet in diameter. The "Grizzly Giant," in Mariposa Grove, is a little smaller. There are hundreds of trees in the Sequoia National Park much larger than the *sequoia sempervirens* by which I am now surrounded, and which cover many thousands of California acres and furnish the redwood lumber of commerce that I have seen being builded into houses in Ohio.

An interesting feature of this park is the "craters" that mark the sites of giants of an earlier time. The

sempervirens bears a very small cone and seems to propagate by sending up sprouts from the roots, usually close to the parent trunk or stump. When hiking the other day we came upon a large parent tree very closely surrounded by a ring of young growth from four to ten inches in diameter—fifteen of them. A thousand years, or several thousand years, hence the old tree may be gone and four or five of the children, half-burned away by the fire that destroyed the parent, will survive about the "crater" of the mother-tree.

The Park is dotted by these craters. Some of them, with portions of the cindered stumps remaining to indicate the size of the gigantic parent, are thirty or forty feet in diameter—large enough for tent and beds and table and stoves and hammock and chairs. Truly, "there were giants in those days."

Practically all of the older trees are the worse for fire. Many of them are so badly injured that near the ground only the bark and sap-wood remain, the heart having been burned out. But, the trees live. Indeed, there are two fine specimens of "chimney" trees, whose entire interior has burned away, so that one stepping into the hollow trunk can look through the tube, perhaps a hundred feet, to the sky above. And these trees live and have luxuriant foliage.

Another peculiarity of the *sequoia* of both species is its power when fallen to resist decay. There are logs here that have been lying prone for centuries. One, sound and good beneath the sap-wood as the day it fell, is being worked up into grape-stakes. Trees growing in a position that makes it certain that they sprouted since the monarch fell are estimated to be four hundred years old. The brooks are bridged by scores of logs that evidently have lain where they are for centuries. One bears on its up-turned roots a tree straight as a plumb line, ten inches in diameter and probably 125 feet high.

A feature of life here is the evening camp-fire. In the center of an amphitheater, seated by logs from which a little more than a quarter-section has been removed to form the seat and the back, a great fire blazes (and we need it), while on a raised platform volunteer talent, and the lack of it, entertains or bores the good-natured crowd of several hundred people.

It fell to me to conduct religious services on July 3 and again on Aug. 5. Those two services divided the more than three million Californians into two classes—they who heard me and they who did not. The meetings were "unusual," like many other things in this great state. Some members of the congregation were in bathing suits, most, including the women, were in trousers, and many of the children were deep in the joys of colored supplements, "all-day suckers," and ice-cream cones. The informality of the occasion seemed to permit the inquiry as to how many of those present ever had heard a minister of the Universalist fellowship, and but three hands went up.

We have nearly a virgin field in California. Without doubt these were the first Universalist services ever held in Redwood Park. Several hundreds listened attentively and I know of one man who enjoyed both meetings. Come out and help us.

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Spider

I AND Keturah we rode in a Canoe, and we came upon Great Bushes of Wild Honeysuckle. And the fragrance thereof was upon the face of the waters. And I paddled the Canoe to where the Honeysuckle grew and Keturah plucked the branches, so that the Canoe was fragrant and even more beautiful than when nothing was in it save me and Keturah. But the blossoms were not more sweet than Keturah. And when we came unto the House, she took the Blossoms and gathered them in her arm, and the great bunch of Honeysuckle walked up to the House and took Keturah with it.

And she arranged a vast bouquet upon the Table under the Electrick Light. And in the evening, I laid me down upon a Divan that was in the room, and Keturah read aloud unto me out of a book.

Now a Spider had been among the Honeysuckle and Keturah saw her not. And the Spider found herself unexpectedly in the house, away from all her past associations and opportunities of gaining a livelihood. For I believe it is the Lady Spiders who are most industrious. And as I lay upon the Divan and looked at Keturah, I saw that the Spider had climbed to the Electrick Light, and had gotten a line from the shade thereof to certain of the stalks of the Honeysuckle. And when I saw it first, it looked like an unpromising beginning, for I saw not how the Spider might there construct anything that would look like a Web. Neither did I see that it would do her any good, for the House had Screens, and there is not within it one Fly or Mosquito.

Now what I saw occurred so rapidly that I could not keep up with it; for the Spider climbed to the shade and dropped to the flowers, leaving a Silken Cord behind it, and then started again and did it some more. And then, without stopping to Measure, she began at the Outside, and ran around the edge, and spun a Filament there. And then she went round again, and there was another.

And Keturah paused in her reading, and behold there was a Spider at her shoulder. And she said, I did not know that I carried in a Spider.

And I said, Let not the Spider frighten Miss Muffet away; neither do thou anything unto it. But come hither and behold how wondrous is the weaving of its Web.

And we beheld, both of us, and it was more rapid and more wonderful than we could have imagined.

And the Web was finished, and the Spider sat down in the center of it.

And I said, Thou hast set up Business in an Unpromising Location.

But even as I spake, there came a Gnat and was caught in the Web, and the Spider hastened and fastened him in. And then came a tiny Moth, and he also was caught. For whatever got through the screens and had wings flew toward the light, and few of them escaped.

And the Spider did good Business all the evening, and before we turned out the light, the Web was all Puckered and Knotted with the things that the Spider had caught.

Now this I say unto the sons and daughters of

men who must live in Unpromising Locations, and do Business in Unattractive Places, and to those whose Life Plans are Dislocated by Accident or Providence, Consider the Spider. Adapt thyself to Circumstances. Weave thou thy Web and do thy work, and behold, it may be that the place where Providence or Circumstance hath placed thee shall be even like the Spider, whose misfortune brought unto her the biggest and best meal that she had ever eaten.

* * *

SOUTHERN UNIVERSALIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

The Rev. George A. Gay

The fourth annual session of the Southern Universalist Young People's Institute at Chattanooga, Tenn., opened Friday night, July 28, at eight o'clock, with an attendance of thirty people. The opening sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dwight A. Ball, of North Carolina. The instructors then presented their various courses and the classes were organized.

The lecture periods occurred each day following a devotional meeting and breakfast. Mrs. Ball and Dr. Fisher lectured in separate rooms simultaneously for the first hour. Dr. Fisher lectured to the entire group the second hour, and Mrs. Ball took the third hour. The interest in all of these courses was pronounced. Dr. Fisher charmed by his personality and knowledge. Mrs. Ball inspired by her magnetism and enthusiasm. Both were popular with their students. On Saturday examinations were given in "Child Psychology," "The Message of the Master Teacher," and "The Teaching Values of the New Testament."

For the devotional meetings the director had arranged a special program under the general topic of "Consecration." A different leader selected from among the students and faculty treated the topics each day, and the papers and talks were very helpful. The discussions which followed were practical.

The Sunset Services were remarkable in many ways. First of all, nature was at her best, and the Saturday night gathering on Lookout Mountain can never be forgotten by any of those present. Mr. Ball's talk seemed to be born of the surroundings and was poetic and uplifting.

The Monday night gathering at Cameron Hill was more largely attended, and in view of the myriad lights of the city, with stars and moon shimmering in the sky above, Dr. Fisher's words of wisdom found an appropriate setting.

Sunday night, July 30, Dr. and Mrs. Gurney opened their beautiful home on Mission Ridge to us, and despite a heavy shower a sizable attendance listened to the Rev. George A. Gay preach upon the topic: "The Reality of the Presence of God."

Wednesday night on Signal Mountain the "instituters" with several friends from Chattanooga listened to Robert Sparks Walker, whose "Spiritual Hints from Nature" were most appropriate while day merged into night.

The sermon on Sunday morning, July 30, was by Dr. Fisher, who chose for his topic these words of Jesus, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Dr. Fisher's direct and simple presentation elicited the praise of all who heard him. Sunday, Aug. 6, Mrs. Ball presented a missionary playlet entitled "India's Evil Triad." It was enacted by the members of her mission study class, and it proved very impressive. An audience of sixty people witnessed this, and listened to a short talk by Dr. Gay on "The Highest Service," after which communion was administered. The final Sunday evening session was held at the home of Mrs. Jessie Harris, Chickamauga, Ga. Mrs. Harris is a member of our local church, and about forty people met at her home, thirty-one remaining for a most impressive sunset service at which Mr. Gay spoke on "The Universal Fatherhood of God," and Mr. Ball on "The Spiritual Authority and Leadership of Jesus." The Institute was concluded by pronouncing the benediction and then returning to Chattanooga.

While the attendance at the Institute was small, the results can not fail to be good. We were very fortunate in having such a strong faculty. Dr. Fisher won all of us. Mrs. Ball was exceptionally fine in her mission study work. Under her direction a missionary pageant was given Sunday morning, and a missionary impersonation on the final Sunday night at Chickamauga. The result of her lectures and demonstrations is that Mrs. Florence Currier has consecrated herself to organize a Clara Barton Guild at Chattanooga, and Miss Lee Green Gulley has enthusiastically entered into this same project. We have been working for three years without success to secure this result, but Mrs. Ball reached the goal. The lectures of Edgar T. Williams of Chattanooga were excellent.

The students in "Child Psychology," "The Message of the Master Teacher," and "The Teaching Values of the New Tesment," took the required examinations. This is the only Institute in our denomination (and possibly in any denomination) which gives the examinations at the conclusion of the course. Generally these courses are given in churches or community classes extending over a period of ten or twelve weeks, then followed by an examination.

The most permanent results were intangible. The religious spirit of the Institute, the spiritual power generated, the atmosphere of genuine worship, were pronounced from beginning to end. All the speakers at the Saturday night banquet repeated the phrase: "I shall never forget this Institute." The director believes that higher vision, nobler thinking, happy recollections, deeper religious experience, will be the result of this meeting together. And later we may look for capable workers devoting their lives to the Church.

To the Women's National Missionary Association, whose financial assistance this year made possible this most successful meeting, the thanks of the Institute are offered. We are also highly pleased with the work of Mrs. Ball, who represented the Women's National Missionary Association. To the General Sunday School Association, which made it possible for Dr. Fisher to be with us, we are also deeply grateful.

To the Young People's Christian Union for appointing Edgar T. Williams as lecturer, we also wish to express our thanks. To the Q. H. Shinn Memorial Universalist Church we are grateful for the use of the church and parsonage. Without the free use of these buildings, and of the gas, water, electricity, and other things, our effort would be impossible. To all those who in any way contributed to the success of the gathering we extend our thanks.

* * *

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE AT FERRY BEACH

The Ferry Beach Sunday School Institute at Ferry Beach Park, Maine, July 31 to Aug. 6, was a complete success. Great interest was manifested by our people, as was evidenced by the enrollment, which was substantially larger than last year. One hundred and four registered for the whole week of instruction and paid the fee, as against eighty-seven last year. Scores of visitors also attended the sessions.

Carl A. Hempel, secretary of the General Sunday School Association, was in charge, serving as dean of the school, and Miss Carrie Wickes of Arlington, R. I., was the efficient secretary.

The faculty was made up of the following teachers: Prof. H. P. Morrell of St. Lawrence University, who gave a splendid course upon the minor prophets of the Old Testament. Mrs. Caroline C. Barney, who treated the subject, "Religion in the Home," in a most interesting way. Mrs. Frank N. Chamberlain, who gave six periods on various phases of handiwork, map-making and sand-table work, all full of valuable suggestions. Mrs. Ottis Mercer, who in her usual pleasing way drove home the need of mission instruction in the church school and also instructed her hearers in the art of story telling. Carl A. Hempel, who dealt with the problems of the superintendent, the opening service, discipline and the use of the slogans. Rev. Roderick Mooney, D. D., also occupied two periods for the purpose of impressing the Sunday school teachers with the seriousness of their responsibilities and the need of consecration to the work.

The efforts of all the teachers were much appreciated by the members of the school, the high average attendance at all the classes being ample proof of that fact.

The devotional and recreational program was in charge of Miss Ruth Owens, with the co-operation of the dean of the school. The program included several vespers on the beach and two lectures given by the Rev. John E. Price and the Rev. W. R. Cowland in the pavilion. There was the usual bonfire and stunt night on the beach, also a moonlight bathing party. Another night a moonlight sail was enjoyed, and on another the village school was in session with sixty of the Institute dressed as children reciting their lessons and speaking pieces.

The big evening feature was the minstrel show on the last night of the Institute. There were twenty-five in the cast and the program was full of specialties, good singing and wholesome jokes. Nearly two hundred and fifty attended the performance and the net proceeds, $50, was turned over to the Ferry Beach Park Association as a contribution from the Institute.

Thus ended a most successful week, full of instruction for the earnest workers assembled in the school for that purpose and full of recreation which created good fellowship, and pleasant memories.

* * *

POETRY

In perusing a new magazine succinctly called *Wave* the Drifter was interested to note the editors' apology for an error in printing three lines from a poem by Mr. Hi Simons (a poet, by the way, of whom the Drifter must confess complete ignorance). Even a Drifter makes mistakes sometimes, though he never apologizes, and he could not only sympathize with the editors but he could imagine the feelings of the outraged poet. Mr. Simons' poem should have ended thus:

Vanish utterly, small light!
I shall remain in this night-dungeoned corner,
Loving her.

But, alas, the ignorant type-setter, or the incompetent copy-reader, or the dunderhead who finally O. K.'s the proof, had allowed it to appear so:

Loving her.
I shall remain in this night-dungeoned corner,
Vanish utterly, small light!

The Drifter does not agree with his friends who point triumphantly to such a juxtaposition—"reversible poetry" they call it—and insist that the lines might just as well have been printed

I shall remain in this night-dungeoned corner,
Vanish utterly, small light!
Loving her,

and that this is incontrovertible proof of the idiocy of *vers libre* as a whole. Not so at all. Reversible poetry was written before Mr. Simons was born and by a better poet than he has yet proved himself to be. Every schoolboy has spent time and ingenuity in writing out

Homeward the weary plowman plods his way,

or

The weary plowman plods his homeward way,

or

Weary the homeward plowman plods his way,

or

The homeward plowman weary plods his way,

and so on. Could Mr. Simons do better than that? And does this prove that Gray was not writing poetry? The essence of poetry lies deeper than reversibility; it even lies deeper, the Drifter suspects, than length of line or sound of ending word. But then he is but a novice in such matters. He has no wish to enter into any controversy; and besides, his favorite poem is an irreproachably regular one:

We
De-
Spise
Flies.

The Drifter, in the Nation.

"U-FIFTY-TWO!"

An American Near East Relief worker was passing along the streets of Erivan, the capital of Armenia, when a ragged child came up to her and said imploringly "U-fifty-two!"

The relief worker looked blank. She wondered whether the child was speaking of a boat or an aeroplane, and while she wondered the child repeated the only English words she knew. Then the relief worker called an interpreter.

"She tells that she has heard the Near East Relief warehouseman say it and that it means clothes from America," explained the interpreter.

Then the relief worker understood. "U-fifty-two" is the Near East Relief stock-sheet number which is printed on all bales of second-hand clothes shipped from America. She took the child to our warehouse and gave her a skirt which came from New York, a jacket from San Francisco, and a pair of stockings from Boston.

"I told her through our interpreter," writes the American girl, "that she now represented three of our big states, and though she didn't get the joke, she smiled so beautifully at the prospect of being clothed that I wished that the American donors of the humble articles might have seen her.

"But 'U-fifty-two' did not end there. The multitudes of ragged men and women, who live in battered box-cars at the station, had seen the American bales come in, and they too caught the password. Next morning the Near East Relief warehouse was besieged by these walking ragbags, who kept on repeating 'U-fifty-two!' 'U-fifty-two!' with every accent of misery and wretchedness. It was a sad moment when the last garment was handed out. Those who had received nothing walked wearily away. And every day since then they accost the Near East Relief workers in the streets, saying 'U-fifty-two! U-fifty-two!' in pleading tones."

* * *

THE PINE CONE

Corrugated spire of seeds,
  Slender, tapering, brown as rust,
Oh what mystic wonder breeds
  In this life you hold in trust!

In these chambers stiffly set
  What a secret thou dost keep!
Here will future time beget
  Towering brothers of the deep!

Rondured columns of the pines,
  Bracing up the arching skies:
Out of thee their vast designs
  From what miracles arise!

Thou art dumb as any stone,
  Yet from thee will one day spring
Harp-like branches whence the tone
  Of the northern winds will ring.

Thou art with such frailty bound
  As the merest child could spurn,
Yet thy sons will clasp the ground
  When our sons to dust return.

Could we but thy secret read
  How 'twould start us with surprise!
Life and death their fated screed
  Would unroll before our eyes.

In thy humble withered pod
  Lieth what no language tells;
All the secret lore of God
  Hides within thy narrow cells!

H. L. Haywood.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

THE LITTLE LAMP

Because the way was steep and long
And through the dark and weary land,
God set upon my lips a song,
And put a lantern in my hand.

O golden lights and lights like wine,
How dim your boasted splendors are:
Behold this little lamp of mine,
It is more starlike than a star.

Joyce Kilmer.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE GARDEN

THE hollyhocks grew in an even row in the little garden that belonged to the vacant house. They stood so stiff and straight that their colored ruffles never got tossed by the "silly breezes," as they called the summer wind. When raindrops drenched the garden the hollyhocks lifted their heads high above the spattering mud and sand.

Over in a corner grew the pansies, a cheerful little colony, happy and good-natured.

The hollyhocks were always reproving them for their shortcomings; the pansies were careless and untidy, they said.

It is true that the pansies' faces were often smudged. That was because they were too close to the ground to keep from being spattered by the mud and soiled by the dust. They could not help themselves, but the hollyhocks did not understand that.

Some of the other garden flowers thought the hollyhocks a little too hard on their small neighbors, and said so. But the hollyhocks expected every one else to be as prim and particular as they were themselves.

The pansies tried hard to please their tall, dignified neighbors, but they would no sooner stand stiff and straight than down they would go once more. Then if a shower happened to come along, the hollyhocks were shocked all over again.

One day it was rumored in the garden that a family was about to move into the little brown house. The news got round somehow that in the family there was a little blue-eyed girl. The pansies fluttered with excitement when they heard that, and even the hollyhocks looked interested.

On a golden afternoon in June there was a stir and a bustle in the small house.

"The little girl will soon find her garden," all the flowers said to one another.

The hollyhocks drew themselves up and waite proudly.

"Now, pansies," the tallest hollyhock said, "i you want the little girl to like you, have your face clean and hold up your heads as high as you can Don't lean over and snuff the grass."

The pansies promised to do their best. Bu when the day came they were in such a flutter an bobbed about at such a rate that they got their face smudged with dust.

Every flower was ready. The pink roses by th gate were already nodding a welcome, blossom bushes were ringing their golden bells, and the graceful lilies had practised their manners perfectly. The little pansies nudged one another and tried to keep from laughing aloud.

Suddenly the gate was flung open and a voice cried, "Oh, the garden, the dear, dear garden."

There was a flutter of white skirts and apron strings, and down the garden walk a joyous little girl came running. The flowers knew by the look in her eyes that she was going to love them.

A group of bright nasturtiums peered anxiously from behind a snowball bush, and a row of frilly pinks ducked their heads and curtsied politely. The hollyhocks, straight as soldiers, glanced over toward the corner to see if the pansies were in order.

"I should like to shake them!" the tallest hollyhocks snapped. "Just look at the silly little things hanging their heads."

For the pansies, suddenly shy and timid, were hiding their faces in the grass. Already they loved the little girl, but in their hearts was the thought: "What if we should not please her!"

The child danced merrily up to the row of hollyhocks. "Hello, you nice old things!" she said.

The proud flowers stiffened. They wondered whether she were treating them with just the proper amount of respect.

She had a happy greeting for the graceful lilies, for the snowball bush, for the roses, the petunias and the pinks.

Then, all at once, she gave a little cry. Running to a corner of the garden, she clasped her hands and bent low.

"Oh, you darlings!" she said. "You blessed little things! I hoped you would be here, and here you are!"

An instant later she was running toward the house. "Mother," the flowers heard her call, "didn't I say I knew there would be pansies?"

That night when the pansies had gone to sleep each with a happy smile on its small face, the other flowers, wakeful, talked the matter over in the moonlight.

"I wonder," said the proudest hollyhock of all, "why she loved the pansies so when they didn't even hold up their heads to greet her?"

A pink rose nodded thoughtfully. "I think," was her answer, "our little girl understood why the pansies hung their heads."—*Elizabeth Thornton Turner, in Youth's Companion.*

THISTLES

I often used to wonder
What happened to the pins;
Till oh! I met a pin-plant
That pricked me on the shins.

'Twas full of pins and needles,
As thick as it could bristle,
A purple cushion on the top;
My mamma called it "Thistle."

Oh, folks should be more careful!
They scatter pins about,
And never think how quickly
These may begin to sprout.

The ground will be all pin plants
The first thing that we know,
And so I pick up all the pins
Wherever I may go!

Abby Farwell Brown.

* * *

OUR CHILDREN'S FADS

The older I grow the more convinced I become that we others and fathers should take our children's interests more riously. A few days ago when my little daughter burst into y room with cheeks flaming, eyes sparkling, and red lips an- ouncing, "Mother, we've made a club! And I'm the president!" almost asked, "But what has become of the club you formed vo Saturdays ago?"

I caught myself in time and inquired all about the aims of e club, and the names of its various members. The aims were wear a ribbon, forfeit a penny every time one was late, two, ery time one was absent. To have a good time. To seem ind of mysterious" and to make every one in the neighborhood ish they belonged!

That club continued until my little daughter made her first sit. When she returned she explained that Margaret's father ad offered a pair of field glasses to the girl who discovered the ost birds. All summer letters went back and forth. Members ere critically selected and formally invited. And incidentally irds were studied. The postman held new interest, carrying, s he did, letters of acceptance, letters of regrets—and lists of irds.

That club died a natural death. The field glasses are yet be—still the thrill was there and always my daughter takes n intelligent interest in birds.

Yesterday six excited girls gathered in the nursery. Each ad a stamp book. Stamps adorned the bureau, the tables, the antel, the bed, and even the floor. But the day was snowy nd not a sound of discord disturbed the Stamp Exchange, which find is now "a club."

My daughter came to me at the morning's end, asking, Did we make a noise or bother you, mother?" To which I re- lied, "No, indeed, how could you?" She murmured, "Oh, we id have such a beautiful time!"

So many of my friends question, "What do you do with our children on rainy days? How can you amuse them?"

Or when my child is sick a friend inquires, "What can you do pass the time? Dorothy gets so lonely when she's in bed I ave to stay with her every single minute! She doesn't want me ut of her sight."

Before my daughter was born, I visited a friend who had a ine months' old baby. My first thought upon seeing the smil- ng infant lying in his carriage, was, "What can I do to amuse im?" I snatched an amethyst heart, which hung about my neck pon a chain, and swung it back and forth before the babe's yes.

"Oh, please don't," cried my friend, "it only excites him, and he will miss it when you stop!"

A trifle hurt and utterly squelched I tried to cover my feelings.

Later I thought over my friend's words. I found that what she said was absolutely true, when it came to my own children. Kind friends and well meaning servants overstimulated their peaceful little minds to such an extent that they were completely exhausted and utterly wretched when the kindly efforts ceased.

I believe in leaving children alone, giving them a few simple joys according to their age and nothing which can in any way hurt them mentally or physically. I believe in watching them and I believe in encouraging them, but never in any way, at any age, do I believe in letting them suspect that they are being watched or being encouraged.

A piece of fresh tissue paper delighted my year old baby more than any carefully selected toy. To wave it rashly back and forth—to hear its crinkly rustle—to grab it—to tear it—to throw it down in the pen beside her—then to begin all over again, was a thrilling game, and one to which she all unconsciously introduced her mother.

"Leave them alone and they'll come home," is really sound advice to mothers and fathers. It is like saving money for a "rainy day," to let these little people find and develop their own interests. My children are just every-day, happy, normal, healthy children. A rainy day in our nursery has always been a signal for an all-day's joyful dissipation—a day in which one can do exactly what one longs to do.

Sickness in bed is almost as good. In fact, it is heralded as a close second, when the fever and immediate discomforts are gone. There are so many things to do! So many boxes to look over! So many books! So many beads to string! Pictures to paint and countless pleasures for which the well days, and their duties, leave too little time.

So even if I know this Saturday Stamp Club will be forgotten in next month's Skating Contest, even if I know that the life of each club is but a passing fad, a fleeting fancy, we grown-ups should never let our children guess these thoughts.

Often I feel that God must smile at what we grown-ups pursue so hotly, so all absorbingly! Yet since we can not see that smile, most of us rush on, taking our own pursuits, our pastimes, fads and pleasures as serious affairs—as matters of great import. We forget to pause long enough to see the funny side of our own efforts even though we plainly perceive their humorous effects in the lives of our neighbors and our friends. And whether we see and measure up our own doings or not, I am very certain they help us with our "day's work." And deliver me from the man, woman or child for whom there is no hobby—no imagination!—*Ethel Bowen White, in Congregationalist.*

* * *

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

One day a lamb went down to a brook to get a drink. A wolf saw him and wanted to quarrel with him so as to have a good excuse for eating him up. While the lamb was drinking he went and stood by the brook a little farther up, and cried out, "See here, lamb, how dare you muddy the water that I am about to drink?"

"How can I muddy it?" said the lamb, "you are farther up the stream than I am, and the water runs from you toward me."

"Well, you called me names last summer, and now I am going to punish you for it," said the wolf.

"Last summer," said the lamb, "that was before I was born, so how could I call you names?"

"At any rate you are trying to make out that I am a fool and I won't stand for it from you or anybody else." And with that he seized the lamb and ate him up.

It is so with some men and children. When they have made up their minds to do wrong, they are sure to find some sort of an excuse for it.—*A Fable.*

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. Murray Grove Institute.

Sept. 5. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Springfiedl.

Sept. 11-16. Mid-West S. S. and Y. P. C. U. Institute, St. Paul's Church, Chicago.

Oct. 7. Indiana Y. P. C. U. Convention, Oaklandon.

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A LITTLE NEW HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

When Captain Miles Standish quoted the familiar words,

"Better be first in a little Iberian village,
Than to be second in Rome,"

he might well have been speaking of the ministry of the Church.

Last Sunday I followed in the footsteps of Dr. John van Schaick, which means that I had an interesting experience. This time I visited Nottingham, N. H., so well described by him in the *Leader* of Aug. 5. I shall not attempt to add anything to his admirable story of the town and of its history.

But I had a privilege which was not his, attending the Sunday services of the church and the session of the Sunday school. The congregation, which, because of the fine weather, was smaller than usual, numbered nearly fifty people. There were about fifteen in Sunday school, but there might easily have been more if there had been the classes to interest other groups and if an organized effort had been made to get them to remain.

Nottingham is a small town, but it has several hundred inhabitants, and ours was the only church service held there. Indeed, ours is the only active church and the only Sunday school in the entire community, and ours is active only during the summer months.

It is a typically American community—just the kind in which Hosea Ballou and Elhanan Winchester and other pioneers preached a hundred years ago. There are practically no people of foreign birth there, and the few are of the sort that have been already Americanized.

It is from towns like this that the leadership of America came in the older days. It is from communities like this that the leadership of America can come now. It is not the kind of place, like many here in New England, that shows the unfortunate results of inbreeding, nor one in which the American population is in the minority. It is a progressive, educated, cultured community. And yet it is a place where people have time to think, as few of us do in the rush of life and in the modern industrial centers.

Here is an opportunity for a real minister. This church, perhaps combined into a circuit with another near by, can easily support a minister comfortably. He will not receive quite as large a check at the end of each month as he might in the city, but he will receive a better living, and the larger check is useless except to purchase that. And he will have the opportunity to influence one of the sources of real American life; he will help in molding the thought and feeling and action of boys and girls, young men and women, who in ten, twenty, thirty years, will be leaders in this community and in many larger ones.

For there are boys and girls, young men and women, here, of the kind of American stock that can qualify for membership in the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, and their numbers are not few. The small family idea, forced upon city and suburban dwellers, has not penetrated here. One finds here families of the size in which Hosea Ballou and Hosea Ballou 2d grew to manhood. I was to of one American family there that had s children all under four years of age. Th I was assured, was unusual, as to the a of the children, but not at all as to t size of the family.

The right kind of minister could easi become the first citizen in this little Ne Hampshire village, and, who knows, might affect the currents of thought ar life as largely as Hosea Ballou did, when the little village of Barnard, Vermont, wrote his epoch-making "Treatise Atonement."

It is not always true that the most in portant places in the world are those which the most noise is made, or the mo important churches those situated "whe cross the crowded ways of life." The is an opportunity for a great ministry Nottingham, N. H., and in other places this sort.

Stanley Manning.

Boston, Aug. 17.

For the Quiet Hour

The outgoing makes way for the incoming. God takes the part of humanity against the man. The man must treat men as he would have God treat him. "If ye forgive men their trespasses," the Lord says, "your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

George Macdonald.

"To have courage without pugnacity; to have conviction without bigotry; to have charity without condescension; to have faith without credulity; to have love of humanity without mere sentimentality; to have meekness with power, and emotion with sanity—that is Christianity.

Charles Evans Hughes.

Christianity came to set the world on fire. It came to work a revolution. It came to create a new heaven and a new earth. And for that high work it needs all the energy of health, of hope, of youth, of aspiration that you can bring it. If it were but true to itself and to its Master, it would look out on all the brave audacities of souls that are dauntless and untamed, and love them as our Lord loved Peter.

H. Scott Holland.

Shine forth, O Light, that we may see
With hearts all unafraid
The meaning and the mystery
Of things that thou hast made;
Shine forth; and let the darkling past
Beneath thy beam grow bright!
Shine forth, and touch the future vast
With thine unclouded light.

Washington Gladden.

Do you not see that it is really the people of one talent who make the world go round? The people of one talent are most neede that is why there are more of them. W have only one head to two hands and tw feet. I went round the world in a floatir palace, but I drove to my door in a fou wheeled cab. What would your fi talents and your two talents do witho your one? I stood a while ago and looke at a drinking fountain. A marble ang beautifully sculptured, stood pointing heaven. Then came polished grani inscribed with gilt letters and massive sla of stone. But I noticed that the wat came through a small brass pipe, ar the people drank from an iron cup a tached to an iron chain. And the marb angel pointing heavenward would ha done nobody any good but for the bra pipe and iron cup. Think if the pipe h said, "If they do not make me of gold will not belong to the thing." Or, if the c had said, "I must be of silver or I shall ashamed to be there at all." No, I thoug I heard the music of the three—comm water, common pipe and common cu "Well," they sang, "they can't do witho us, and we must do our part along with t marble angel and polished granite."

Mark Guy Pearse.

A man is not saved by the truth of t things he believes, but by the truth of h belief—its sincerity, its harmony with i character.

John Burroughs.

Not the good that we accomplish, but t better thing we plan,
Not achievement but ideal, is the measu of a man.

S. V. Cole.

Beloved, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our lo
And still our love be sweeter for our wo

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

ROUND THE CLOCK AT NORTHFIELD

(Continued from last week)

Another meeting of great significance was held the last evening of the Conference. The dedication of the Northfield service flag is always an impressive ceremony and to Universalists it held special meaning this year. Among the eight young women about to enter the foreign field for missionary service was Miss Bernice Kent, of Nunda, N. Y., who will sail this month to take up work at the Midori Kindergarten.

Each prospective missionary had chosen a friend who should attach her star to the flag, and Miss Edna Parks, president of the Clara Barton Guild of North Attleboro, Mass., had the honor of performing this service for Miss Kent.

The program closed with a challenging address by Dr. Robert E. Speer. Dr. Speer has spent the past year traveling extensively in the Orient, and from his understanding of present needs and conditions made us see clearly the unparalleled opportunity of the Christian Church there to-day.

Then came another interesting "annual" at Northfield—the bonfire on the campus. From given points the camp girls marched in singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic, then grouped themselves and for half an hour or so sang and cheered their own and neighboring camps. At the close all joined hands in a great circle about the fire and sang "God be with you till we meet again." Still singing, the circle broke up, the music growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

Following this our women and girls held a farewell candle light service in a grove near by. Every one had been uplifted by the experiences of the week, and our closing thought was that we who had been so lightened must return to our several churches to lighten others.

During the week something over $100 was pledged by our delegates, the same to be used by Miss Kent in purchasing modern kindergarten equipment for her work in Japan.

Something else which made us very happy was the announcement that Miss Mildred Hawley of Syracuse, N. Y., who was in Camp Murray, had won the first prize of $25 in a poster contest conducted by the Central Committee. Miss Hawley's poster illustrated the text book "Building with India."

We can all think of a time, as children, when, in a great crowd of people, some one lifted us high up in order that we might see out and beyond. How we rejoiced that we were no longer confined to what was going on near by; from our elevated position we could look in every direction, as far as the eye could see.

Attending a Northfield Conference is a repetition of this experience in later life. Truly we were "lifted up." No longer did we think in terms of our local church, town, or state. If we had come with the spirit of provincialism, we left it there. Having been privileged to look in many directions we realized, as never before, the needs of other people and our responsibility, as Christian women, to them.

"Before my week in Northfield these peoples of other countries separated from us by ocean and land, were a thing apart from our every-day life. But now my attitude has changed. They belong to my family as I do to theirs. The little upturned suffering faces seem vivid now and they have given me a new determination to do my part in every missionary cause."

Such is the statement of a young woman who was in Camp Murray for the first time. Her desire to better serve her Church and its missionary interests was shared by every Universalist woman, as she went out from this great conference.

* *

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE!

The books of the Corresponding Secretary of the W. N. M. A. close Sept. 15. It is necessary, therefore, that all dues and contributions for the year be paid before that time.

All report blanks sent to the state secretaries in the spring must be in the hands of the Corresponding Secretary by Sept. 1.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

ROUND THE WORLD PHILANTHROPY

Americans in Japan as well as Americans in America have been giving to help the suffering women and children in Armenia.

The one hundred and twenty children in the American school in Tokyo, which Dr. Ayres' son attends, decided to raise enough money for at least one child and if possible for more than one. In less than a week they raised more than the necessary amount for one child. One little girl emptied her bank, which only contained fifteen cents, but she gave "all that she had." Another gave $1.05 and said she would take 35 cents more out of her postal savings account. Her father agreed to double any amount that she would give.

Hazel I. Kirk.

* *

A LETTER THAT OUGHT TO BE PRINTED

The Democracy Class,
Church of Our Father,
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Friends and Fellow-Workers:

Through your treasurer, Mr. Charles J. Graham, we have received your contribution of fifty dollars. In a way this gift is unique. We have classes that send us smaller amounts each year and individuals who give us larger sums. But this is the first instance in which a class has invested in our work as much as fifty dollars at one time.

You are at once congratulated and thanked.

The word "invested" is used advisedly. You are investing in the future churchmen and citizens of America. Be certain that we, as custodians of your money, will endeavor to be faithful and wise.

You are doing a remarkable work in your own organization. May your membership multiply and your influence spread abroad.

Sincerely yours,
General Sunday School Association.

* *

WEEKDAY WORK AT WAUSAU

In September all the churches in Wausau, Wis., will begin weekday religious instruction, the school board having granted permission for one hour's absence each Thursday to children of grades three to eight. The Universalist Sunday school is planning its program.

* *

NEXT GOAL IN NEW SCHOOLS

The Worcester Convention did the brave thing in regard to new schools when it was reported that the goal of a hundred had been passed. It immediately said to the Executive Board and to Miss Earle, the special worker in this matter, "Now make it a hundred and twenty-five!" So, no doubt, we shall always have a flying goal. It is hoped that before the Providence Convention we may be well along toward the new mark.

* *

A PRACTICAL LESSON IN THRIFT

Mr. Clay Whiteley, of St. John's Universalist Church, Muncie, Indiana, recently gave a talk on "Thrift" to the Sunday school and followed it by offering to add one dollar to the deposit of any member under sixteen years of age who has a savings account bank; also to contribute one dollar to aid in starting an account for any member who would promise to co-operate in keeping it. He also stated that he would add one dollar July 1 and one dollar January 1 to all accounts active at that time.

Among Our Churches

Connecticut Letter

Since the publication of the last Connecticut items this state has been called upon to suffer an irreparable loss in the death of the universally esteemed and beloved Dr. John Coleman Adams, pastor for twenty-one years of the Church of the Redeemer, Hartford. Following so soon after the centennial celebration of the Hartford parish, in which he took the greatest interest and led so ably, his death revealed startlingly to the family of the faith in the state how greatly we had come to depend upon his sound judgment, and how bereft indeed we were. And yet his passing came at a time marked by a splendid climax in a long and most helpful career. In a short time he would have observed the fiftieth anniversary of his active ministry in our beloved Church. His father, Dr. John G. Adams, before him, completed fifty years of service in the same Church. Together, as Dr. Adams remarked at the parish centennial banquet, they, too, were celebrating a centennial as well as the parish. We rejoice in the inspiring memories of the fruitful ministry of Dr. Adams. We are, because of his counsel and example, even as when he was here in our midst, going on with our part of the great work of "helping God the world to save." The Hartford parish, according to the annual custom, discontinued services during July and August. Definite plans to fill the vacant pastorate have not yet been made. * * **Danbury** has called the Rev. Gustave Leining to become its pastor. This old and reliable parish has had a long history of creditable achievement. In the early fall it will fittingly observe the one hundredth anniversary of its founding. With a new and promising young leader it is bound to add even finer achievements to its already splendid record. The new minister is a recent graduate of St. Lawrence University, where he spent six years, taking both the academic and divinity courses. He is an honor man. He is one of that considerable group brought up in St. Paul's Universalist Church in Meriden, and sent into our ministry. He is a brother of the Rev. Fred C. Leining of Providence. We look with confident expectation to the ministry of this young man in his home state * * Dr. Edson Reifsnider, of Stamford, was appointed to the Executive Board of the Connecticut Convention to fill out the unexpired term of the late Dr. Adams. * * During the six weeks course of the Yale Summer School for teachers and librarians and others a thousand young people, mostly women, came to New Haven. It is gratifying to have those from our parishes in the state who take the course attend the services of our New Haven church. Representatives this year of the Danbury and Stafford churches made themselves known and were cordially welcomed. One of the students, a young lady living in a town where we have no church, united with the New Haven church. * * Connecticut was pretty well represented at the great Worcester Y. P. C. U. Convention last month. The parishes represented were Norwich, Meriden, Danbury, Stamford, Bridgeport and New Haven. New Haven had a delegation of six at the Convention. * * A few weeks ago Roger M. Sherman, of the New Haven church, passed away. For thirty years or thereabouts he was the clerk of the New Haven parish, relinquishing the office when he removed with his family to Portland, Oregon. After several years in Portland he and his family returned to New Haven. A rare soul—the world is better because of his life in it. * * **Meriden.**—The Meriden church met with a grievous loss in the sudden death of Mrs. Kate Greenough, who in an automobile accident received injuries from which she died five days later. Active always in the work of the church, she will be greatly missed. The bereaved husband, Charles R. Greenough, and the church, have the sympathy of all. * * The vacation season is rapidly drawing to a close. Let us all be on hand promptly when our services are resumed. "The way to resume is to resume." Rally Day comes a week earlier this year. We should make our plans early. * * Our young people leaving home for the first time this fall for school or college should, as soon as possible, go to our church if there is one in the town where the school or college is located. They should make themselves known to the pastor. It is well to be faithful and loyal to your church when away from home as well as when at home.

Theodore A. Fischer.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute, Murray Grove.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A., Y. P. C. U. Institutes, Murray Grove.

Aug. 31-Sept. 3. Lower Wabash Association at Little Hickory, Ohio.

Sept. 1. Rockingham Association, Dover, N. H.

Sept. 4-7. Vermont and Province of Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 5. Annual Convention Women's Missionary Association of Vermont and Quebec, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Sept. 25-27. Maine State Convention, Y. P. C. U., S. S. A., and W. U. M. S., Auburn.

Sept. 26-28. New Hampshire Convention, Concord.

Oct. 9-11. Illinois Convention.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,694
New Haven, Conn.	1
Garland, Ala.	7
Total	1,702

Maine

Auburn.—Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., pastor. All the Protestant churches in the city, barring the Episcopal, have united in holding union services during the month of August. On Aug. 27 the service will be held in the Universalist church, when Dr. Mooney will preach. These meetings are drawing large congregations and the interest is keen.

Massachusetts

Annisquam.—Rev. George H. Lewis, pastor. July 30 we had our first service in our thoroughly renovated church. Some time ago our pastor said that threefold repairs were needed and that it would be foolish to attempt anything else until the heating plant was changed, as it was a constant fire risk and as arranged would begin to discolor walls with the first fire built. After considerable controversy, the parish committee was given authority to make complete repairs. The old furnaces that were sunk in pits were taken out. An adequate cellar was dug and a new Kelsey furnace placed under the center of the church as a one pipe furnace, with the two old registers at the sides piped back to furnace to give circulation. It was found necessary to take down the chimney, and in doing so a large beam was discovered that had been burned to charcoal by the heat coming through the brick work, and which needed only a draft of air to set the building afire. The chimney was rebuilt, roof fixed, new entrance to cellar made, entire interior of church repainted with oil paints, hard maple floor laid and finished, new carpet laid on ros-

um and in aisles, besides a number of inor repairs. Our pastor takes an active art in affairs in Gloucester proper, re-ently taking part in the dedication of the remen's monument, the memorial service or sailors, Y. M. C. A. drive, and was the nly minister asked to work in the Glouces-er Chamber of Commerce campaign. 'he Leonard Club of 200 men continues n excellent community service with neetings and addresses twice a month, nd has secured many improvements in he community.

Vermont

East Corinth.—A very pleasant evening vas that of Aug. 11, when the parish so-iety met and were blessed with large at-endance. Officers were elected as follows: Clerk, Mary Dickerman Andrews; treas-urer, Warren Erwin; trustees, O. P. Dick-ey, Stanley Miller, Mrs. Adelaide Rowland. Here was organized work in 1840 and be-'ore. Hosea Ballou preached in the "new" union meeting-house in 1842. From 1874 till 1894 was a dormant condition. From 1894 till 1917, Sunday school was main-tained each Sunday. During these twenty-three years sixty-one preachers supplied more or less, so the society averaged thirty sermons a year. Rev. A. M. Smith or-ganized the work and, together with Rev. F. L. Carrier of Woodsville, N. H., and Rev. H. H. Hoyt did most of the preaching for seven years. From this society eight-een have graduated from Goddard Semi-nary and several from St. Lawrence. Two ministers have been furnished the denomination. Though death and re-movals have depleted the ranks there are yet loyal souls here in good number and a younger generation coming on. Rev. George H. Welch preached the evening of Aug. 1. A legacy of some $200 a year has recently been left the society. Rev. A. M. Smith officiated at the funeral of Deacon F. M. Colliss recently and christened two children. Dr. W. R. Rowland recently visited the people.

* *

FROM NORTH CAROLINA

Greensboro is called the "gate-city" of the South. You must go through the "gate" to get into the heart of the South. We are in luck therefore to have a visit from every minister who passes through. Dr. Lowe passed through in February, and of course he made us a visit, and he preached on a Sunday night. In March Dr. Huntley came along. He preached on a Monday night. He "coached" us in Sunday school affairs. Of course we had had a Sunday school. It was organized the first Sunday in January. We have twenty-six members. Later in April Stanley Manning passed through the "gate." And Stanley Manning knows as well how to preach as he knows how to organize Unions. We liked him no less than we liked the others. He did not organize a Union. We lacked just one thing. We lacked the young people. And then, not least among them, came Dr. McGlauflin. He was here the first Sunday in August. That was the second anniversary of the first Universalist service ever held in Greensboro. Dr. and Mrs. McGlauflin were motoring from Scranton, Pa., to visit their nephew in Winston-Salem. Dr. McGlauflin was up to standard, and Sunday morning he preached an eloquent and notable sermon, and Mrs. McGlauflin charmed the congregation by her singing.

We have been enriched by the presence and the preaching of all these men, eminent and efficient each in his own field. They all expressed themselves "pleased" with the progress that has been made in so short a time, and also with the prospect that lies before us. In two years, not with regular services all of the time, and the minister living two-thirds of the time not in the city but in Durham, there have been gathered a faithful band, a church has been organized of thirty members, a Mission Circle of twenty-one, a Sunday school of twenty-six, and a list of inquirers, numbering more than fifty, throughout the state, have written in response to our advertisements, whose questions we have answered and whom we have supplied with literature and with books.

But the Universalist church of Greensboro still has a rough road to travel before it gets on a permanent footing, with Calvinists entrenched here for 150 years, and the Orthodox churches of the city set and determined to keep a Liberal church out. They hire our singers away from us, they browbeat and threaten strangers and inquirers who attend our services, they preach part of our faith to hold their membership, they will not tell the truth about us, and they succeed in having theaters and meeting places closed against us. One brilliant young professor has been compelled to leave one of the colleges here. One of the public charges against him was that he is "liberal" in religion. He is a Unitarian and his wife a Universalist. A number of women teachers from the college were frequent attendants. One is a member. But since the lines have tightened they come no more. And Professor Vining who preached once for me, and was often in the congregation, has gone back to Boston. No permanent success can be achieved here under these conditions except after a long, hard, "never-give-up" campaign. We must endure abuse, social and religious ostracism, discouragement, non-appreciation at home and abroad, the ups and downs, and the ins and outs.

R. S. Kellerman.

* *

A SELF-GIVING MISSIONARY

I wish all our Universalist people could realize the superb spirit of our pastor at Oakland, Cal., and his cultured wife. Just a few years ago Rev. and Mrs. Bernard C. Ruggles went to the city on the Bay and began to hold services in Hotel Oakland. Even in this short time they have drawn around them a loyal group of workers, extending their influence into all the surrounding territory. A church has been definitely organized which up until last May received from the State Convention the support of $600 a year. Then, in order that another movement might be started in Berkeley, Mr. Ruggles offered to release the Convention from all responsibility for the Oakland church, stating that he would endeavor to raise the money hitherto given by the Convention by his lectures on psychology. Certainly none of our ministers show a more loyal devotion to the faith than he.

Frank L. Masseck.

* *

A SUMMER SERVICE

A service was recently conducted at Higgins Beach, Me., by Rev. Fenwick L. Leavitt, pastor of All Souls Church, Worcester, Mass., at which Rev. Roderick J. Mooney, D. D., of Auburn, Me., preached the sermon.

* *

ANOTHER FRIEND EXPRESSES APPRECIATION

I noticed in the *Leader* of the 24th of July a letter of appreciation from Mr. Clark. I can say "Amen" to this letter. There is none more prompt and more anxious to please customers than our own Universalist Publishing House.

Sincerely,

(Mrs.) Evie York.

Canton, Maine.

THE NEW CHURCH AT GARLAND, ALA.

Several weeks ago, Dr. Bishop's Southern Letter contained an account of the dedication of the new and beautiful little church at Garland, Ala. Exactly eleven months from the time the Southern Superintendent preached in Garland for the first time, these eager people organized, raised money, built and dedicated their church. Such an achievement indicates the splendid work going on in the South under Dr. Bishop's leadership.

Notices

VERMONT AND QUEBEC UNIVERSALIST CONVENTIONS

The annual sessions of the Vermont and Quebec Convention and of its auxiliary associations will be held in Springfield, Vt., Sept. 4-7.

Invitation

The Universalist Society of Springfield extends a cordial invitation to the Universalists of Vermont and the Province of Quebec to attend the Annual Conventions from Sept. 4-7. Delegates and friends will be entertained in Springfield homes for lodgings and breakfasts. Dinners and suppers will be served by ladies of the Society at the usual prices. To secure advance accommodations, send name, date and time of arrival to Rev. George H. Welch, Springfield, Vt.

George H. Welch, Pastor.
George A. Perry, Chairman.

Y. P. C. U. Convention

Monday, Sept. 4, 2 p m. Song service. 2.30. Call to order, President E. B. Smith presiding. Address of welcome. President's response and annual address. Appointment of sessional committees. 3.45. Institutes. 6. Annual Banquet. (75 cents a plate.) 7.30. Song service. 7.45. Business session. Reports. 8.30. Keynote address, Rev. George H. Welch, Springfield, Vt.

Tuesday, Sept. 6, 5 a. m. Sunrise service. Leader, Clifford Hunting, Huntingville, P. Q. 8.15. Song service. 10. Address, Rev. Stanley Manning. Unfinished business. Election of officers. 11. Adjournment. Picnic dinner.

Vermont and Quebec W. U. M. A.

Tuesday, 2 p. m. Opening service. Call to order. Appointment of sessional committees. Reports of officers. Reports of departmental chairmen. President's annual address, Mrs. George F. Fortier, Morrisville. Address, Miss Susan M. Andrews, representing the W. N. M. A. Business. Reports of sessional committees. Election of officers. Adjournment.

Vermont and Quebec Convention

Tuesday, 7 p. m. General mass meeting. Addresses of welcome. Response and annual address, George C. Felch, St. Johnsbury. Appointment of sessional committees. Address, Miss Susan M. Andrews. Address, Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D. Offering for the work of the Women's Missionary Association.

Wednesday, Sept. 6, 8.30 a. m. Business. Reports of Convention officers and committees. 10.30. Denominational interests as represented. 11. Occasional sermon, Rev. E. P. Wood, Brattleboro. Annual Communion service of the Convention Church, Rev. George F. Fortier, pastor of Convention Church, at the table, the deacons of the Springfield Church and of the Convention. Church in service. 2 p. m. Continuation of Business Session. Reports of sessional committees. Election of officers. 3 p. m. Special appointment. Address, Rev. H. Sumner Mitchell, Burlington, Vt., representing the Unitarian Church in Vermont. 7. Mass meeting. Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Skeels, Barre, Vt. Address, Rev. George D. Walker, D. D., Carthage, N. Y., superintendent of New York churches. Address, Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D. Annual offering

Vermont and Quebec Sunday School Association

8.30 a m. Call to order. Vice-president, Mrs. Leon I. Leader, presiding. Business. Institute in charge of Dr. Huntley. Election of officers. Adjournment.

* *

LOWER WABASH ASSOCIATION

The Lower Wabash Association will meet August 31 to Sept. 3 at Little Hickory, Ohio. At the Thursday evening service, Rev. M. M. Hicks will preach on the subject, "Judgment." The speakers for Friday include Rev. Armon Cheek on "Carrying On," Mrs. E. M. Minor on "How Can We Increase the Efficiency of the Sunday School," Miss Ollie Lindlay on "Mission Circle in the Church and Its Value," and Rev. C. Conner on "Light on the New Era." On Saturday, Mr. Cheek and Mr. Minor will again be the speakers, and on Sunday Mr. Hicks will preach at the morning service of worship, and Mr. Cheek at the evening service.

OFFICIAL CALL

The twenty-seventh Annual Convention of the Women's Missionary Association of Vermont and the Province of Quebec will be held in the Universalist Church at Springfield, Vt., Sept. 5, 1922, at 2 p. m. All local Circle presidents and all departmental chairmen are expected to be prepared with full reports. Miss Susan M. Andrews of Boston, representing the Women's National Missionary Association, will give an address.

Martha A. Jenness, Secretary.

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Fellowship Committee of the Ohio Universalist Convention has issued letters of license as lay preachers to Elmer M. Druley of Belpre, and John M. Fogelsong of Bryan.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

NEW YORK CONVENTION

The ninety-seventh annual session of the New York Convention will be held at Syracuse, Oct. 3-5, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The annual sessions of the Maine Universalist State Convention and its auxiliary societies will convene at Auburn, Maine, Sept. 25-27. for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Milo G. Polsom, Secretary.

* *

NOTICE

The books of the Corresponding Secretary of the W. N. M. A. will be closed on Sept. 15, 1922. Will those interested please pay all dues and contributions for the year before that date?

Rena A. Paul, Corresponding Secretary.

* *

Obituary

Mrs. Florrie Tompkins Lamphear

Mrs. Florrie Tompkins Lamphear, wife of Rev. De Witt Lamphear, pastor of the church at Bridgewater, N. Y., died July 10 at the Homeopathic Hospital in Utica, where she was taken for treatment the day before her death.

Born in Le Roy, N. Y., in 1872, she spent the greater part of her life in that town and was a member of the Le Roy Universalist church as long as it was in existence. After the death of her mother eight years ago, she married Mr. Lamphear, who was a former pastor of the Le Roy church.

She is survived by her husband and some cousins, who are her nearest relatives.

Funeral services were held at Machpelah Cemetary, Le Roy, Rev. Clara Morgan, pastor of the Perry, N. Y.. church, officiating.

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MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

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Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money ill be devoted to Universalist purposes.

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"From the film version of my first."—*Nashville Tennessean.*

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"Oh, no! He was married several years before he became prosperous."—*Judge.*

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Geologists who say we are exhausting too rapidly our natural coal supplies have overlooked the plans of the United Mine Workers.—*Boston Herald.*

* *

In a New York city public school, a teacher of a lower grade was trying to compile facts from the family histories of her young charges. To each child she gave a blank to be filled in with the proper answers.

One ragged little girl gave a lengthy consideration of this sentence: "State your father's business."

Then in the space she wrote the one word: "Outa."

The teacher struck this particular word and puzzled long to make out its meaning. "Rachel," she asked at length, "what does 'outa' mean?"

"It means my papa is outa business," explained the child, "so I writes it down 'Outa.' "

"But doesn't he ever work?" inquired the teacher.

"No, ma'am," said the child; "he don't never work—he strikes!"—*Herald and Presbyter.*

* *

Proud Wife (to nervous friend in automobile): "I feel so safe with George driving, now that he has joined the Red Cross. He is learning first aid, and knows where all the hospitals are."—*London Opinion.*

* *

"No, no oysters, lady, only cockles and whelks. We only 'as oysters when there's an R in the month."

"R in the month? An' 'ow do *you* spell Orgust?"—*London Opinion.*

* *

Mrs. Jones was having her house cleaned, preparatory to letting it to a new tenant. Assisting her was a "cleaner," who proved to be very inefficient.

Finding a room supposed to be in order but still very dirty, Mrs. Jones swept it herself, and when she met the charwoman in the hall, she said to her:

"Why, Mrs. Downey, I thought you told me you had swept the front room, and here I have got a whole dustpanful of dirt out of it."

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